VOL. 2. MARCH, 1899. NO. 5.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

PRICE 10 CTS. ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ 1.00 A YEAR

PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

AN AGENT wanted in every City and Town in the United States.

E
S1-I2
L2

Contents of Little Folks, March, 1899.

Copyright 1899, by S. E. Cassino. Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

		PAGE.
Frontispiece. "She Sits in the Sun and Dreams."	*E. S. T.*	130
A Little Girl's Dreams Illustration by Author.	*Elizabeth S. Tucker*	131
"I Didn't" Illustration by A. F. Schmitt.	*Kate Gannett Wells*	131
A Little School-Girl Illustration after photograph.	*A. W. M.*	134
A Funny Old Man	*Ellen Knight Bradford*	135
Peter Illustration by Author.	*A. Hyatt Verrill*	135
Her Old Rubber Doll Illustration by L. J. Bridgman.	*Joe Cone*	138
Where Marjorie was Found Illustration by Agnes M. Watson.	*Margaret P. Boyle*	140
A Sleigh-Ride Party	*Fred C. Lyon*	143
The Boastful Snowflake	*Nora Archibald Smith*	144
A Boy with Two Faces	*Carrie B. Sanborn*	144
The Fourth Baby Show		145
Billy Boy Brown. Chapter V. Billy Boy Becomes a Scholar. Illustrations by Frank T. Merrill.	*Sophie Swett*	149
My Grandpa and the Crickets	*Henrietta R. Eliot*	153
Where was the Little White Dog? V. Illustrations by Author.	*Margaret Johnson*	154
Dog Tray's Thoughts Illustrations by Josephine Bruce.	*Julia Harris May*	156
Those First Little Trousers. The Roggie and Reggie Stories. Illustrations by Hiram Putnam Barnes.	*Gertrude Smith*	158

DEPARTMENTS.

The Little Folks Letter-Bag . . . . . v, vi, vii

[The entire contents of this Magazine are covered by copyright, but the press is invited to copy freely provided credit be given to Little Folks.]

LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

Published Monthly. Single Number, 10 cents. $1.00 a Year.

Remittances may be sent by postal money order, express money order or registered letter. Personal checks on small places not received. If your magazine fails to come, write the publisher, giving your full correct address.

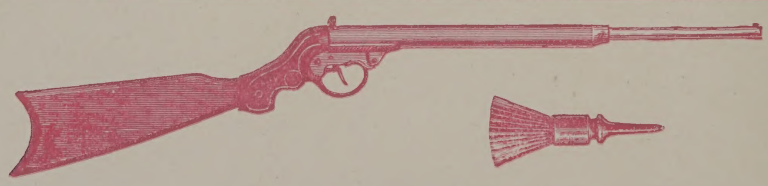
Renewals should be sent direct to the publisher, as no commission or discount is allowed booksellers, newsdealers or subscription agencies—except for new subscribers. All remittances are acknowledged by postal card.

No premiums will be given, or special offers honored, unless subscriptions are sent direct to publisher.

All changes in address should be reported promptly. Both the *old* and the *new* address must be sent in full.

To avoid misunderstanding Little Folks will be sent until ordered stopped, and all arrearages paid.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Pope Building, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.



DAISY AIR RIFLE.

Shoots darts or B. B. shot. Black walnut stock, pistol grip, nickle plated. Has a new arrangement by which darts can be used, making it perfectly safe for parlor amusement. All parts are interchangeable and can be replaced if required. Length 30 inches. The best air rifle to be had. Given for two new subscribers or for one new subscriber and 20 cents. Postage 35 cents or sent by express. Darts 5 cents each.

SHE SITS IN THE SUN AND DREAMS.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. II. MARCH, 1899. No. 5.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DREAMS.

LITTLE Girl sits in the sun and dreams;
Under her bonnet frill,
Looking so wise
With her great eyes,
Sitting so grave and still;
Surely, most wonderful things she dreams,
Surely, most marvelous things!

What *does* a Little Girl dream about?
Fairies—and sweets—and rings—
Pussy-cats white—
Butterflies bright—
Dollies—and ribbony strings—
These are the wonderful things she dreams,
These are the "marvelous things"!

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

"I DIDN'T!"

"HURRY up!" shouted Jimmy. Jimmy had caught hold of Tommy's jacket, and was trying to pull him along. "There's a job lot of candy at the grocery store! We can buy it real cheap and sell off at a profit!"

"I can't! please let me go!" begged Tommy.

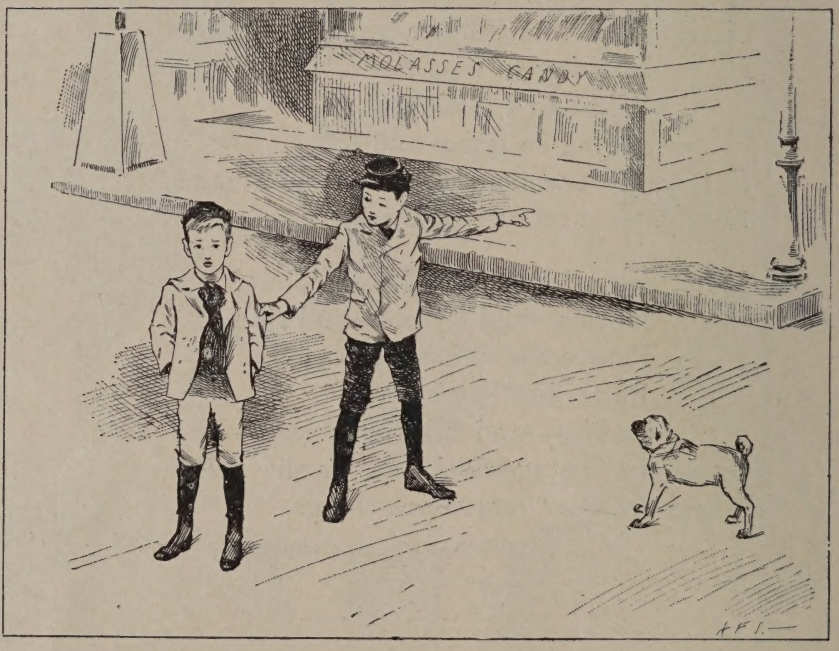
"Haven't you got any cash? Turn out your trousers pockets!"

Copyright, 1899, by S. E. CASSINO. All rights reserved.

ordered Jimmy; and Tommy, being a little boy, did as he was told; and there was not even a cent.

"Oh, you're no good!" exclaimed Jimmy scornfully, letting go of him and running off by himself.

Tommy wanted to cry, just as if he were not seven years old, for he loved candy, and often longed to be a man, and rich, so he could buy all he wanted of it. But he and his mama had so very little money that he had candy only on Thanksgiving, Christmas, Washington's Birthday and Fourth of July. If he



"HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY CASH?"

could have bought a "job lot" for almost nothing, as Jimmy meant to do, it would have lasted him a long time. He knew Mama would say "no," if he talked to her about it; and he knew, too, that if he went near the store he should want the candy more than he did now. So he turned and went the other way.

Still, Tommy could not quite forget it, and he wandered along without thinking where he was going, until, suddenly, he found himself near the Boston Common, and near a candy-stand which

he had never seen before. He could not help looking at it, going nearer to it and smelling the peppermints, and the pink and white checkerberry sticks. The man who was selling was standing talking to another man, and both had their backs turned to the stand.

Tommy thought he *must* have a molasses-drop, and a checkerberry stick. Perhaps he did have one cent in his jacket pocket. He searched in vain—yet he had just got to have some candy somehow or other. All he need do was to put out his hand and take some and then "cut and run."

Tommy looked all around as he came nearer to the stand. The men were still busy talking, there was not a policeman in sight, everybody was hurrying by. He stooped over the stand, it smelt so good. His little nostrils spread out, and his mouth opened wide. He put forth one hand very slowly till it almost touched the checkerberry stick, his face grew very white, his eyes large, he shut his lips tight, straightened himself and drew his fingers together to clutch the stick.

He looked around again, bent closer,—when suddenly, quick as a flash, he pushed both hands behind him, clasped them tight, dashed across the street between horses, men, and electric cars, and ran for dear life across the Common, his teeth chattering, so that he did not know he was saying aloud what he was saying in his heart:

"*I didn't, I didn't!*"

Tommy had gone away off, before the candy-man remembered to turn around lest some street boy might take something. "Lucky," said he as he examined his stand; "it is just as it was —not a stick, not a lozenge, not a molasses-drop gone!"

The candy-man never knew what had happened to Tommy. Only Tommy and his mother knew. And Tommy's mother would not have known if in his sleep that night Tommy had not called out:

"*I didn't, I didn't!*"

Tommy's mother woke him up, to stop his moaning.

Tommy sat up in bed, and told her what he was *almost* going to do but *didn't*, and how frightened he was that he came so

near doing it though he *didn't;* and then, having told her, he went sound asleep again.

But someone who was not far from the candy-stand saw the little boy's struggle, and his victory; else this true story could not have been written. *Kate Gannet Wells.*

A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

LITTLE Miss Kate is very late,
The bell rings loud and clear,
But her sled is fleet, she'll reach her seat
In time to answer "Here!" *A. W. M.*

A FUNNY OLD MAN.

A FUNNY old man passed by my door,
With his "grip" in his hand to-day,
On his arm he carried his best fur coat—
It was Mr. Winter, they say.

And who do you think followed close in his track,
As he went through our quiet old town?
Why, Miss May-flower, sweet in her little pink cap,
And young Robin in scarlet and brown;

And gay little Crocus, who laughed in her sleeve,
To think that he never would know
How near to his feet, as he traveled along,
The birds and the flowers dared go!

Ellen Knight Bradford.

PETER.

(A TRUE STORY.)

DOROTHY lived with her grandparents on a little farm among the mountains. She loved animals, and was never without a pet of some kind.

One day as Dorothy's Grandfather was taking the cow to pasture, he noticed three little creatures playing near a large rock. He thought they were young foxes, and he started to catch one; but before he could reach the place two of the little fellows had tumbled into their hole. The other was about half in when Dorothy's Grandfather grabbed him.

It was not a fox, but a baby woodchuck,— a queer, fuzzy little ball of fur with beady black eyes, stumpy tail, and big yellow teeth.

The baby woodchuck bit, and scratched, and struggled to get away. But at last he was tied in a handkerchief, and then he was carried to Dorothy.

Dorothy was delighted with this new and strange pet; and though her Grandfather said woodchucks rarely became tame, she was sure *this* one would. She named him "Peter," and then took down her old squirrel cage, and lined it with soft hay and placed him in it, with some fresh-cut clover and a little dish of water.

For a few days Peter was very wild. He behaved very badly. He insisted on spilling his water, and he would snap and bite whenever his little mistress replaced it. But by and by he saw that Dorothy did not mean to hurt him. Then he gave up biting. In two weeks he would drink from his dish without upsetting it, and would nibble clover from Dorothy's hand, and let her scratch his funny little head.

In a month Peter had grown to twice his size, and had become so tame that he would let Dorothy take him in her arms and carry him about.

One day little Dorothy forgot to fasten the cage door, and Peter walked out. But he did not go far, and went back to his cage of his own accord. The door was never fastened again, and all day long Peter would play about the veranda or nibble grass in front of the house. He always returned to his wire house for the night. By this time he had learned to answer to his name. He would run to Dorothy whenever she called him.

One day Dorothy's Grandmother was baking cookies, and she gave one to Peter. It was funny to see the little woodchuck taste it, then taste again, as if he were not quite able to make up his mind whether he liked it or not. Finally he decided that he did like it and he ate it all. From this time, cookies were his favorite food. As soon as Dorothy's Grandmother began to bake he would run to the kitchen, and sit on his haunches in the doorway, and wait patiently until his cooky was given him; then he would scamper off to one of his grassy nooks and eat it at his leisure. He would hold it in his fore-paws and nibble here and there in the very cunningest way until it was all gone.

Several times during the summer Peter wandered off to the woods and spent the day. At last one cool October day Peter went off and did not return.

Dorothy was afraid some one had killed him. All winter long she mourned for Peter.

One fine morning in April as Dorothy was walking down the road with her Grandfather they espied a big red woodchuck sitting on a stump in a field.

"Oh, Grandpa!" cried Dorothy, "see that woodchuck! doesn't he look just like my dear old Peter?"

"Perhaps it *is* Peter," said her Grandfather. "Call him and see."

Stepping to the side of the road, Dorothy waved her hands and called, "Peter Peter! come here Peter!"

PETER WITH HIS COOKY.

And what do you think happened? Why, the big red woodchuck first looked at Dorothy for a minute, with his head, on one side, and then came running across the field—and it *was* her dear old Peter, safe and sound, coming back to her after his long winter sleep.

Dorothy took the great red fellow in her arms and hugged and kissed him. Peter seemed to share her delight. He rubbed his nose against her cheek and grumbled down in his throat as woodchucks do when they are pleased.

Of course Dorothy carried Peter home and fed and petted him, to make up for all the time he had been away. That af-

ternoon Dorothy's Grandma got out her baking tins and rolling pin. And the moment Peter heard the sound, he started up and ran to the kitchen door, and took his old place again, to wait for his cooky. So you see that during his long winter sleep he had not forgotten about the cookies.

One day Dorothy's Grandpa found that his vegetables had been nibbled off, and as Peter had never been known to go into the garden he thought some wild woodchuck had made his home close by to be near Peter. That night he set a trap. The next day when he visited the trap, there, caught fast by one leg, was Dorothy's Peter!

Poor Peter's leg was broken. He moaned and groaned while it was being bandaged. He was put to bed, and Dorothy smoothed him and petted him, and cried over him, and she felt that Peter understood how sorry she was for him.

After a long time Peter was able to go about as well as ever, but he *never* again showed any inclination to go into the garden.

A. Hyatt Verrill.

HER OLD RUBBER DOLL.

THE Rubber Doll whistles, the Rubber Doll squeaks,
The Rubber Doll listens, and mutters and speaks;
It jumps and it tumbles, and oft has a fall,
But nothing can equal that old Rubber Doll.

A hundred times a day our Little One kisses it,
A hundred times a day our Little One misses it,
A hundred times a day she makes it squall;
Then she catches it and blesses it,
And smooths it and caresses it,
And talks very sternly to her old Rubber Doll.

The Rubber Doll scolds, and the Rubber Doll squawks,
The Rubber Doll whimpers and grumbles and talks;
It moans and it cries with a pitiful call,
But Baby just worships her old Rubber Doll.

"SHE SNUGS IT UP,
AND DROWSILY SHE HUGS IT UP."

A hundred times a day our Little One sighs for it,
A hundred times a day our Little One cries for it,
A hundred times a day she lets it fall;
Then she catches it and snugs it up,
And drowsily she hugs it up,
And drops off to slumber with her old Rubber Doll.

Joe Cone.

WHERE MARJORIE WAS FOUND.

(A TRUE STORY.)

SUCH a strange thing happened at our house one day last fall. Marjorie was lost, right in the house, with mother at home, and mother could not find her, and it was so strange, so strange.

One rainy day mother went up into the attic to look over some trunks of winter clothing, and Marjorie, who always loved to take a trip to the attic, went with her. The rain was beating steadily on the windows with a deafening sound, and the big chamber with its old chimneys was almost so dark as to need a lamp. But mother went in and unpacked and shook out the winter garments as she had intended, and Marjorie trotted about in great happiness. Once or twice, blending with the noise of the storm, mother heard her singing.

When mother had finished with the last trunk, she said, "Pick up your dolls, now, Marjorie, for I am going down stairs."

But no Marjorie answered, and when mother looked around, Marjorie was not there.

Mother thought she probably had got tired and gone down to Mary. So she latched the door of the attic and went down to her own room. But she had scarcely settled herself on her couch for a few minutes' rest when she heard someone calling, "Mama! mama!" It was Marjorie's voice.

Mother went to the head of the stairs, and called down, "Here I am, Marjorie, up in my room."

But, instead of the patter of little feet, in answer, she heard Marjorie's voice again. "Mama! mama! please come to help me!"

Mother answered, "Yes, dearie, I'm coming," and hurried down stairs to see what could ail Marjorie.

But when she got to the kitchen, Marjorie was not there. Mary was sure she had not seen her since breakfast. As they stood there they both heard very plainly a plaintive cry:

"Oh, mama! Please hurry!"

"Why, ma'am, it's up-stairs she is," said Mary. They both

"AND HOW GLAD THEY ALL WERE!"

started up-stairs. The little girl was in none of the rooms on the second floor. They hurried on up to the attic.

The attic was empty, and the little voice, almost crying now, sounded far away, as if it might be down stairs.

"Where can my baby be?" said my mother to Mary, almost crying herself.

"Shure it's in the cellar, ma'am," said Mary. "Maybe she's fallen into the coal-bin."

And down mother and Mary ran, into the cellar. They looked into the coal-bin, the preserve closet, the wash-tubs, and every dark corner—but no Marjorie was there.

By this time the little cry was constantly heard, a real cry now: "Mama, please do come! I'm *so* tired!"

She was certainly in the house. They started up-stairs again. They looked in closets, under beds, and even in bureau drawers, and behind the tall clock; but they did not find any little curly-haired girl. On they went, to the attic again. All the trunks and chests were opened one by one, lest she might have fallen in some one of them. But before they had reached the last one, came a new call: "Mama! mama! Why don't you come? Don't you know? I'm here in the wall! Do come and get me out!"

Ah! *now* they knew. Mary and mother flew over to the other side of the room. The attic was unfinished. The carpenters had put on no lath or plaster, so that the side walls were simply the outside boards of the house, with the joists showing in between; and the floor was a rough one, and in many places did not come nearly up, so that large open spaces, great holes, were left between it and the wall. The carpenters never dreamed of any little girl falling down through them, but that is just what had happened.

For as mother and Mary stooped to look into the space where the voice seemed to be, they could see poor little Marjorie. She had slipped almost down to the next floor. She looked up at them piteously. "I'm *so* glad, mama! Do take me right out!" she said.

But to take Marjorie "right out" was more than mother or Mary could do; for she was too far down for either of them to reach. And only somebody as small as Marjorie herself could squeeze down through that small space, though mother and Mary both tried.

"Be patient, darling, just a few minutes longer, while Mary can go and get Thomas," mother said, getting up from the floor. "Nothing can hurt you, you know, only be patient."

In a very few minutes, back came Mary, all out of breath, to say that Thomas had gone to the blacksmith shop, and wouldn't be home till noon, and she did not know what they could do unless they tore the house down.

Mother smiled, but poor little Marjorie began to sob.

"Go over and tell Mr. Somers, Mary," mother said, and ask him to come over. He will know what to do."

Mr. Somers heard the strange story. Marjorie was his dear little friend. In a few minutes mother and Marjorie heard a great noise on the stairs. In came Mr. Somers and Mary, with a short ladder.

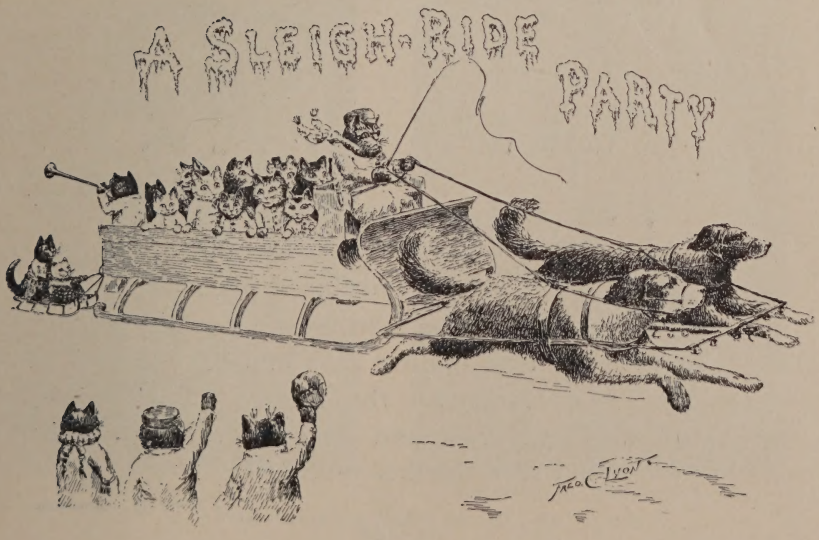
Of course only a short ladder could be put down. And that could not have been done, excepting that just in this part of the attic there was a high peak in the roof.

But the little ladder did go down, and in less time than it takes to read about it, poor little tearful Marjorie was climbing up its rounds, and right into her mother's arms.

And how glad they all were! There was a great laughing-time when Marjorie said that she had thought that that must be the way by which Santa Claus came into the house, and she was sitting on the floor and looking down in the hole, and thinking about it, dangling her little feet in the space, when she slipped off and went in between the walls.

"And it isn't the way Santa Claus comes, mama," she said "for he is much too fat!"

Margaret P. Boyle.



THE BOASTFUL SNOWFLAKE.

A SNOWFLAKE remarked to his mother one day,
His calm sweet mother of cloud so gray,
"When *I* fall to earth, the folks will all know,
For I'll fall with a whiz, and a whir, and a go!
I'll pile up a drift by myself, all alone,
As high as a steeple and hard as a stone.
I'll roll up a snowball as round as the moon,
And big as the sun when he shines out at noon.
I'll make a great snow-man, so tall and so grand
He can hold a whole boy in the palm of his hand.
Here I go! See me fly! One and all, look at me!
I'm a Snowflake from Cloudland—at last I am free!"
He drifted to earth like a feather afloat,
An airy young sailor, a breeze for a boat,
When a wonderful flower appeared to his view,
All dewy with fragrance, all brilliant of hue.
He longed to caress it and kiss it so light,
He longed just to touch it, he paused in his flight—
Alas, for the snowflake—ambition grew weak,
And he died for the rose on a soft baby cheek!

Nora Archibald Smith.

A BOY WITH TWO FACES.

I'VE heard about the queerest boy,
A boy that has two faces!
One face is round and full of joy,
As out-of-doors he races;
But when his mother calls him in
He changes to the other,
And that is long, and sour, and thin—
I'm sorry for his mother!

Carrie B. Sanborn.

BABY SOMERS.

ALBERT STURTEVANT.

DOROTHY HOLMAN.

KATHERINE AGNES HUME.

THOMAS WALKER HELM.

MARGARITA, LEAVITT AND ROLAND W—.

(THE FOURTH BABY SHOW. I.)

ETHEL T. MUENCHINGER.

"LITTLE JOE."

R. LAURENCE DODGE.

EDGAR W. PEARSON.

MARY CHARLES AND LUCILE CAWOOD.

RAMONA DAVIS RUSSELL.

(THE FOURTH BABY SHOW. II.)

BERTHA, GRACE, AND RUTH STONE.

ETHEL FLETCHER PERKINS.

JAMIE DYRENFORTH.

GLORIA JOHN HUNT.

LAURA A. BUXTON.

(THE FOURTH BABY SHOW. III)

BENEDICT J. FRENKEL.

DUFFINA WORKUM FREIBERG.

MARY ESTHER NEWMAN.

VIRGIL AND VERA WEST.

DOROTHY AND HELEN CARNS.

MADELINE BOX.

(THE FOURTH BABY SHOW. IV.)

BILLY BOY BROWN.

CHAPTER V.—Billy Boy Becomes a Scholar.

POLLY was so lively on the way back to the city that Billy Boy didn't dare to take her into a passenger car. The smoking car happened to be almost empty and the conductor said he would better go in there.

Polly didn't like the empty smoking car. She wished to be where there were plenty of people to admire her and she showed her displeasure by making a dreadful noise. She barked and mi-aoued and cackled and crowed, and squealed and lowed and whinneyed and brayed and squawked and roared and growled, until one would have thought the smoking car was nothing less than Noah's Ark. A crowd of people came rushing into the car, and among them was a man, who looked like a sailor, who insisted upon taking the covering from Polly's cage and holding her up to the light.

"Belong to you, sonny?" he said. "Don't want to sell her, do you?"

Billy Boy's heart gave a great leap. He was, himself, so very tired of Polly's voice, and he had so dreaded to take her back to Aunt Kate, that it did not seem to him possible that anyone could want her.

"She's a handsome bird," continued the man, "and hasn't she got a voice! She isn't exactly the bird for a home pet, but at a show she'd draw. And I belong to a show."

The man seated himself beside Billy Boy and spoke in a low tone. "'The Wonder of the World'—that's the name of the show that I belong to," he said.

That was the very circus that had been at Pekoe the summer before, the one that Bob had been so much interested in!

"Oh, then, perhaps you know all about the Wild Man of Borneo!" cried Billy Boy eagerly. "Have you ever seen him *near to?*"

The sailor looked confused and there was a queer twinkle in his eye.

"I am some acquainted with the Wild Man," he said slowly.

"Did he really come from Borneo? And is he truly wild?" asked Billy Boy with eager curiosity.

"He is just about as wild as they make them!" said the man wagging his head solemnly. And Billy Boy's heart thrilled with fear and wonder.

"DOES SHE BELONG TO YOU, SONNY?"

"We tried to play Wild Man in our barn," he said to the man. "But none of the fellows knew how to be wild. Bob wanted me to find out how."

The sailor drew near to Billy Boy and lowered his voice to a whisper. "It wouldn't do to let everybody know it, but if you and I are going to make a bargain about that parrot I don't care if I tell you that I'm the Wild Man of Borneo, and I'll show you just how I do it! I'll give you twenty dollars for the parrot, and I'll throw in the Wild Man business! I'll do more than that—I'll get you a chance to ride on the buffalo, in the procession, when the show comes to Bolton, this summer!"

Bolton was the town where the hospital was—the town they had just left. It would be easy to get to Bolton to the show.

Twenty dollars might be a small price for the parrot, but the secret of being a Wild Man and the chance to ride on a buffalo were extras that a boy could not easily resist! The parrot changed hands, and so did two ten-dollar bills. And the man gave Billy Boy his address so that he might find him when the show came to Bolton.

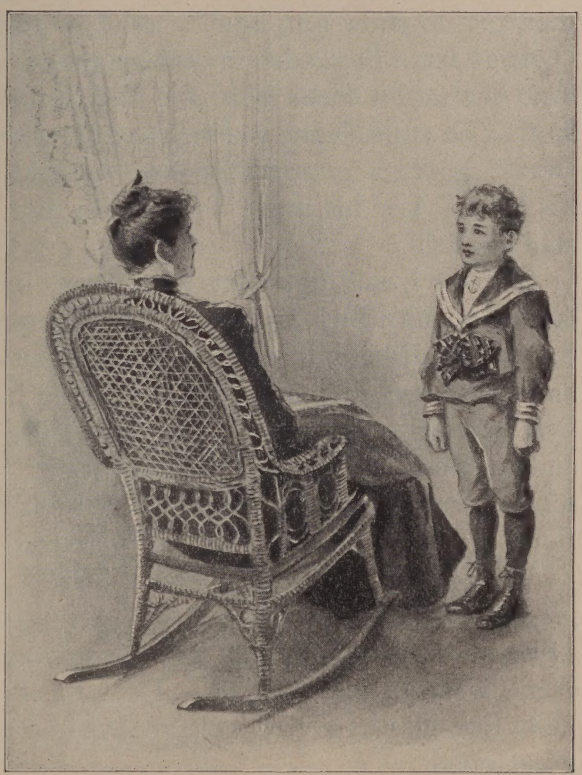
"Aren't you stuck up? Scat!" screamed Polly after Billy Boy, by way of good-bye, when they parted at the city station.

Billy Boy was very penitent when he found, on reaching

home, that his absence had made Aunt Kate very anxious She said a dreadful thing; she said that she never could trust. Billy Boy again!

But Billy Boy knew she would find out that he wasn't the kind of a boy that runs away. He thought it was enough to make any boy lose his mind to change his white mice for that parrot!

Aunt Kate thought that twenty dollars was a plenty for the parrot! She said she would see about the extras. She didn't seem to understand the advantages of learning to be a Wild Man or of riding on a buffalo.



BILLY BOY STOOD AS TALL AS HE COULD.

But she said she thought of taking a house at Bolton, for the summer, while her husband was away at the war; it was sea-shore and it was also near the city, where she could hear the war news soon.

And then Billy Boy felt sure that he should not miss his extra pay for the parrot.

His sister Philena would not think that a boy ought to want to ride on a buffalo; she would say that none of the Browns had ever done such a thing. But Aunt Kate was different.

"There are other things I want, Aunt Kate," said Billy Boy

suddenly, and he stood as tall as he could before his aunt—so tall that his shoulders scarcely stooped and his bow-legs were almost straight. "I've got to have them!" Billy Boy's red cheeks grew quite pale and his voice was gruff with feeling.

"Why, Billy Boy dear, what can the things be that you want so much!" said Aunt Kate wonderingly.

"Spelling and fractions," said Billy Boy, firmly.

"You dear boy! I never heard of a boy who thought so much of his lessons as that!" exclaimed Aunt Kate.

"It's to show another fellow—stupider than I am," said Billy Boy. "And crookeder. I've got to get straight and be a soldier, too, to show him how." And he told her about Otto.

Aunt Kate hugged him and laughed a little and cried a little. And she said it was a beautiful idea and he should have a tutor so that he could learn spelling and fractions very fast. And he should go to a gymnasium and straighten his shoulders and his legs. And his uncle would take him to camp to see the soldiers drill.

And she would buy him some more white mice. But that last offer Billy Boy declined. He wanted no white mice but those! And he didn't want those because he liked better to have Otto and the poor invalid children have them.

It was quite wonderful to see how Billy Boy learned spelling and fractions. The tutor was surprised, and what the Pekoe school mistress would have thought no one can even guess! For Billy Boy had been dull at his lessons.

And presently he straightened himself out in the most surprising way, and learned to drill soldiers like a major. He had a fine military company, in the "almost well" room of the children's ward at the hospital. The officers sent word to Aunt Kate that he was a very welcome visitor and did the children great good.

He bought a drum and fife with the parrot money and sent them to the Pekoe Guards, the company to which "the fellows didn't want him to belong." And he wrote a letter to the Guards, telling them about the military tactics that he had learned at the camp, where his uncle had taken him.

"How quickly you have learned!" said Aunt Kate one day. "You are the very brightest one of the Browns."

But Billy Boy shook his head. "I never could learn until 'twas for another fellow," he said.

"Anyway, you're the dearest one of the Browns!" said Aunt Kate with a hug. By this time they were at Bolton for the summer and they awoke one morning to find the place gay with show-bills and huge placards.

The "Wonder of the World" was coming to town. Among the attractions were the "Wild Man of Borneo," fresh from his native jungles, and "The Monster Tuscarora," the greatest buffalo in the world.

That was the buffalo that he was to ride in the procession! Billy Boy felt that even Philena ought to understand than this was a very great honor to come to one of the Browns.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

Sophie Swett.

MY GRANDPA AND THE CRICKETS.

MY Grandpa's getting old and grey,
But he has such a merry way!
He always says the crickets say,
"Chee-eer-up! Chee-eer-up!"

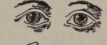
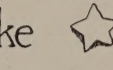
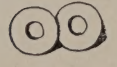
And that if he is vexed at all,
It makes his troubles all seem small
To hear a cricket in the wall
Calling, "Chee-eer-up!"

My Grandpa says that half the things
We fret about, would just take wings,
If we'd heed what the cricket sings,
"Chee-eer-up! Cheer-eer-up!"

Henrietta R. Eliot.

Where was the little White Dog?

(V)

"Let us go for a row," said the Little Girl to her Papa, "very early in the morning, in the new You may take the and I will take Rosabella and the luncheon, and we will have a little picnic at Pine all by ourselves." "Very well," said her Papa. "We will." So very early in the morning they started. And the Little Girl carried Rosabella who was a beautiful with golden hair and blue  . And her Papa carried the and in the bottom of the boat there was a full of cookies, shaped like  and  And when the sun was warm, the Little Girl put up her and away they went merrily up the river.

"What do you see, Greta?" her Papa asked the

presently. "I see the river," she said, "and a and a flying." "And what do you see now?" he asked again by and by. "I see a little brown floating on the water," she said. "And what do you see now?" he asked the third time. Then the Little Girl just shouted. "I see a !" she cried. "And a little white dog in it all alone!" Then her Papa looked too, and sure enough, there was Teddy sailing down the river toward them. And the two came close together, and the Little Girl dropped her and held out her arms, and Teddy jumped over into her lap. And when noontime came, where was the little but up at Pine Rock, eating cookies out of the Little Girl's lunch-basket!

DOG TRAY'S THOUGHTS.

A PENNY for your thoughts, old Tray!
A penny for your thought;
You are sitting and looking over the way,
My little good-for-naught.
"I am thinking how fine is the bright sunshine,
Thinking of Pug and Rover,
Thinking how soon I can bark at the moon,
Thinking it over and over."

A penny for your thoughts, old Tray,
A penny for your thought;
You are looking so wise in the depths of your eyes,
My little good-for-naught.
"I am thinking how sweet is a piece of meat
I saw on the kitchen table;
Thinking what *you* would want to do
If you had to sleep in the stable."

A penny for your thoughts, old Tray,
A penny for your thought;
You are sitting and listening to what I say,
My little good-for-naught.
"I am thinking how high I can jump by and by,
And nobody there to see;
Thinking how far the cookies are,
And where is the pantry key."

A penny for your thoughts, old Tray,
A penny for your thought;
A penny to roll and toss when we play,
My little good-for-naught.
"I am thinking how well, ah! must I tell,
I guarded the grapes last night;
Thinking I know where the bad boys go
Who scampered with all their might."

A penny for your thoughts, old Tray,
A penny for your thought;
"I should like to know why you wink your eye
And call me a good-for-naught!
I'm thinking how soon in the afternoon
I can follow you down the street;
Thinking which way you will go to-day,
And if there'll be something to eat."

A penny for your thoughts, old Tray,
A penny for your thought;
"I am thinking I'll stay in the house all day,
If I am a good-for-naught;
Thinking I will be very still
Though I wish to run and leap"—
Thinking—thinking—winking—blinking—
Old Tray is fast asleep!

Julia Harris May.

THOSE FIRST LITTLE TROUSERS.

(The Roggie and Reggie Stories.)

HERE THEY ARE IN TROUSERS!

HERE IS THEIR BREAKFAST

THIS IS WHAT PAPA DID.

AND the next morning nurse put on Roggie's new little trousers and Reggie's new little trousers, and, oh, but they did look funny—you can see how funny they looked—these tiny boys in their tiny trousers!

And you should have heard little nurse laugh.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed. "Oh, you funny little black spiders! ha! ha!"

And Roggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And Reggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk—as soon as they had eaten their breakfast, they ran out on the veranda where Papa was reading his paper.

And what do you think their Papa did when he saw them?

Why he threw his paper high up in the air, and he laughed. "Ha! ha! what little men are these? Come here and I'll put you both in my pocket!"

And he caught Roggie up in his arms and pretended he was going to put him in his pocket!

And Roggie did not like to have his father laugh, and Reggie did not like to have his father laugh, and they wriggled and screamed and ran away

down the path to the garden, where Mama was watering her roses.

And what do you think Mama did when she saw them? Mama didn't laugh, oh, no. She put her little lace handkerchief up to her eyes and she cried. "Oh, oh, where are my babies! Oh, oh, will they never come back again!"

THIS IS WHAT MAMA DID.

And Roggie did not like to see his mother cry, and Reggie did not like to see his mother cry, so they took hold of hands and toddled on down the path to the big silver poplar tree, where dear Arabella and dear Araminta stood singing and swinging —both in a swing together.

THE GIRLS IN THE SWING.

And Arabella laughed, "Ha! ha! he! he!" as she swung high up in the branches.

And Araminta laughed, "Ha! ha! he! he!" as she swung high up in the branches.

And Roggie did not like to have Arabella laugh. And Reggie did not like to have Araminta laugh. And so they ran down the path as fast as they could go—on, and on, and on they ran, till they came to the little brook in the little meadow.

And Roggie sat down on the bank by the brook and cried.

"I want my dress on!" he cried, "I don't want these trousers!"

And Reggie sat down on the bank by the brook and cried.

DOWN BY THE BROOK.

HERE GO THE TROUSERS!

AND MAMA WAS GLAD!

THERE WAS OLD NANNY!

"I want my dress on!" he cried. "I don't want these trousers!"

And Roggie cried, "I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw these trousers away!"

And Reggie cried, "I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw these trousers away!"

And those little rogues, they did—they pulled off their new little trousers and they threw them into the brook!

And Mama came running down the meadow path to find them. And oh, how she laughed when she saw them.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed. "Oh, you dear little things, have you thrown your trousers away?"

But she cuddled them close in her arms and kissed them.

"There, don't cry," she said. "Mama is glad you threw them away. Yes, I am *glad* you threw them away."

And Roggie smiled through his tears.

"Nanny is looking;" he said. "See, see old Nanny is looking!"

And Reggie smiled through his tears.

"See, old Nanny-goat is looking!"

Yes, there on the other side of the brook, old Nanny stood, with a look of surprise in her wise eyes, watching those little trousers, as they floated away down the stream!

Gertrude Smith.

OF INTEREST TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

In the February number was mentioned a series of coupons which would entitle the holder to a three month's trial subscription to LITTLE FOLKS for ten cents. These were asked for by so many subscribers that it has been decided to send the coupons to every subscriber, and you will find, attached to this magazine, ten numbered coupons which are registered in your name. They can be easily detached, and given, one to each person whom you think would like a three months' subscription practically free, as the ten cents is little more than you would have to pay for postage. Read one of the coupons carefully, and you will see if any of these three months' subscribers like the magazine and decide to take it *permanently*, you will receive twenty-five cents for each such subscriber, or a year's free subscription for three permanent subscribers. So it will pay you to give the coupons to people who will appreciate LITTLE FOLKS.

Every trial subscriber *ought* to become a permanent reader, don't you think so? If you want to be *sure* each coupon brings a trial subscriber you might collect the ten cents from the person you wish to subscribe, and send the money for all, with their names and the coupons, to the publisher. Be sure to send the full address and write distinctly.

Of course you understand the reason LITTLE FOLKS is sent for so small an amount. It is because the publisher wishes to advertise the magazine among the right kind of people. There are at least fifteen million children in this country who would be glad to see LITTLE FOLKS every month. Will you not help the publisher reach them?

On another page the publisher gives a list of over one hundred books, of which he offers to send not one, but *three volumes* to any subscriber who sends one new subscribtion, with $1, before May 15th. *After* this date only two volumes will be sent. It will be best to send as soon as possible, for the stock of some titles may be exhausted before this date. This offer is only made to *subscribers* to LITTLE FOLKS. The books are beautifully bound in cloth, with gold and colored stamps on back and side. The postage on the three volumes, which is extra, is 18 cents.

BY DE FREGGER.

Mothers of young Children find that for Successful Treatment of Whooping-Cough or Croup so fatal to young infants.

They Must Use

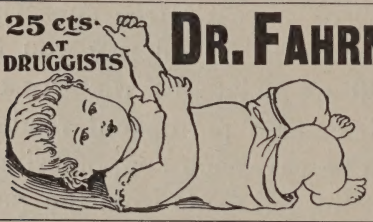
DELAVAU'S REMEDY

50 Cents a Bottle. It never fails.

At all druggists,

---

25 cts. AT DRUGGISTS



DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

is preferred by mothers because it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate infant. Not an atom of injurious drugs in a gallon of it. It takes baby through the entire period of teething in comparative comfort. Cures colic in ten minutes; relieves indigestion; cures sour stomach, and is widely recommended for cholera infantum. **Trial bottle will be sent free if you mention this paper.** Address DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

FINE HALF-TONE CUTS FOR MAGAZINE-CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR WORK

SUFFOLK ENG. CO.

273 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON. MASS.

The illustrations in LITTLE FOLKS are engraved by **The Suffolk Eng. Co.**

$25 Given For Best Name For Green's Big Strawberry.

GREEN'S REPUTATION IS HIS SALESMAN.
BUY DIRECT OF THE NURSERY
AND SAVE HALF
GREEN'S TREES BEST ON EARTH
"NO AGENT NEED APPLY"
NO USE FOR THEM
READ GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER
READ GREEN'S GUARANTEE
TRUE TO NAME

Send for free catalogue and sample of Green's Fruit Grower; also, free, Pear Culture; Currant Culture, Gooseberry, Plum, Quince or Cherry Culture.

Address, GREEN'S NURSERY CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Frye's Remedy **"QUICKSTEP"** is sure to cure **Rheumatism** in all of its forms.

A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR

Headache,
Insomnia,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation.

SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, NOW IMPROVING.

FRYE'S REMEDY CO., CALAIS, ME., April 26, 1898.

Dear Sirs:—I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for 18 years; at times could not get around at all. A friend of mine was cured by "Quickstep," and I procured some. After a few doses, I am wonderfully improved, and at the same rate of improvement I shall be well in a very few days. I feel ten years younger W. D. SMITH.

Pamphlet and Testimonials for the asking.

At Druggists, or sent on receipt of $1.00, *mail or express prepaid by* FRYE'S REMEDY CO., 105 Summer St., Boston.

The portrait, "Jamie Dyrenforth," in the Baby Show of this number, is the "really truly" portrait of the little boy for whom all the "Booboo Stories" were written.

BARNESVILLE, MINN.

Dear Little Folks:—I have just finished my home work and now I am going to write to you.

I am going to school, and am in the Third Reader. We have a football at school. We like to play with it at recess; even when school is out we play with it.

I am ten years old. I have two brothers and two sisters, their names are Ferdinand, Garnet, Jessie and Grace. They all go to school except Grace. She is only eight months old. I liked "The Black Cat" best. When you come my brother Garnet comes in and wants to read you before the pages are cut. He likes the "Black Cat" best too. We are going to have electric lights here this fall. I help my Mama to wipe the dishes, carry in wood, and to take care of the baby. It is prairie all around us for miles, and there are a few small lakes too. Garnet was invited to Pelican Lake this summer by Dr. Patterson, and he liked it very much. They have a small steamboat. He and his friends picked grapes and made wine and jelly out of them. *Julian Peterson.*

FRESNO, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—I love you very much. I am six years old. I am in the first grade at school. I want Santa Claus to send you to me next year. Papa and Isabel read what you say to me. By and by, I shall read you, too. Isabel is my sister. She is eight years old. I went to Boston last summer with Mama and Isabel. I liked the story "About Dipsy Dee," because my cousin Florence wrote it. I will write you again sometime. *Edith H. Noble.*

DAYTONA, FLA.

Dear Little Folks:—I have been taking you for nearly a year and I like you so much. I go to school, am in the fourth grade. I go to Sunday school and Junior League, and am trying to be a good boy, for it will soon be time for Santa Claus to come again. I am eight years old. *Edgar Poppell.*

CHICAGO, ILLS.

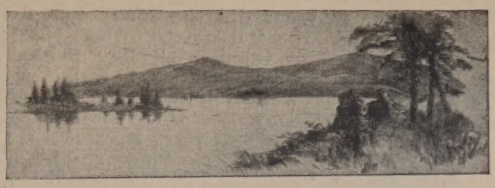
Dear Little Folks:—I am six years old. I like you very much. I went to Chautauqua last summer and belonged to the Boy's Club. We had meetings in the tent on the lake-shore in the morning, and the gymnasium in the afternoon. Sometimes we camped out.

Roger S. Norton.

CORNWALL, P. E. I.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy six years old. Papa is a Methodist minister. We have just moved into a new house. I have two brothers named Stephen and Harold, and three sisters, named Gladys, Amy and Alice. Don't you think we make a noise sometimes? I won't make my letter long because I have to get my bath and go to bed. I like *Little Folks* because I can read all the stories and understand them

Continued on page iv.



LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A NEW PREMIUM.

Several months ago LITTLE FOLKS offered some etchings as a premium for new subscribers. They were so popular it has been decided to offer a new set of four. The four etchings are all by the popular artist L. K. Harlow, and are larger than the other set. They represent scenes on Lake Erie, Lake George, Lake Champlain and Lake Winnepesaukee. A photographic reproduction of the subjects is given in this column. These are genuine original etchings and are printed on plate paper 10 by 14 inches. They are all worthy a frame.

All four subjects will be sent to any subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS who sends one new subscriber.

They will be securely packed and sent by mail, post paid.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher.
221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

LAKE ERIE.

all. I like "What did the Black Cat do, Guess?" and the "Booboo Stories" best; and then "Donald's Good Hen" and "Bobby's Kite Tail," "How Sweetheart Kept Still." My Mama is the best woman in the world. I didn't write this myself—my sister Gladys is doing it.

Herbert H. Dawson.

JULESBURG, COLO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a boy eight years old. You were a Christmas present to me last year. I have a sister almost five years old, and she and I enjoy the magazine so much. We are always glad when you come. I go to the Methodist church and Sunday school; we have a big Sunday school class. Mama says she will buy me a wheel when I am twelve years old if I am a good boy and study good in school. I want to take you for another year. I was out this morning and think I will get a number of new subscribers. *LeRoy V. Brant.*

WHITE HALL, ILLS.

Dear Little Folks:—I have received my October magazine and see that my first letter has escaped the waste basket. I enjoy you, *Little Folks* more than ever. I have been in bed over thirteen weeks with a fever, and it has left one of my limbs so that I cannot walk, and I have to spend my time in reading, writing and sewing; and that is one of the reasons why I enjoy the magazine so much. I would like to know if every one is welcome to send a baby's picture to *Little Folks.* [Yes, Leah.] I have a sweet little sister, and would like to send her picture. The last Baby Show was splendid. Bye-bye *Little Folks.* *Leah Porter.*

Continued on page v.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind like it.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first

One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid. $5. Sample of BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass

LITTLE FOLKS PREMIUMS.

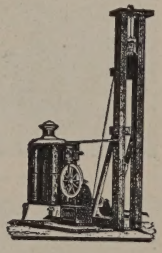
STEAM TOYS.

Any toy on this page will be given to a subscriber free for two new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and 25c. (If sent prepaid, 15c. additional.)

All the toys on this page are made by the Weeden Manufacturing Co., and are guaranteed. Each engine is tested and carefully packed. They are large and handsome, and are the most popular and instructive toys a boy can possess. Full instructions will be sent with each one. All parts are interchangeable and duplicates can be obtained from the manufacturers at New Bedford, Mass.

STEAM ENGINE.

HOT AIR ENGINE.

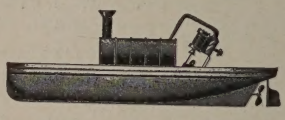


STEAM PILE DRIVER.

The Steam Engine stands 10 inches high, is made of polished brass, and has a good water glass.

The Hot Air Engine is a new toy, and as it does not use water or steam, it will run indefinitely. Made of brass and guaranteed.

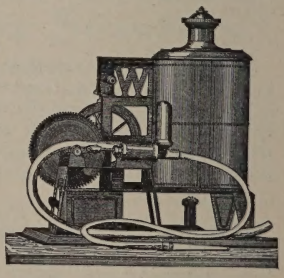
Steam Pile Driver. This very interesting toy is finished in fine colors, and is thoroughly tested before being sent out. Works like the large Pile Drivers.

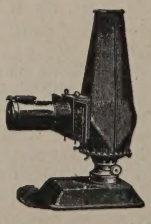


The Steamboat can be run in a bath-tub in winter. Brass boiler and three bladed propellor,

The Steam Force Pump and Engine, combined.

Throws a stream of water six feet at ordinary speed.





Brilliant Magic Lantern, with safety lamp and screw focal adjustment. Six slides with each lantern. (12 additional slides will be sent, postpaid, for one new subscriber.) Full directions for operating the lantern will be sent in bo x

S. E. CASSINO, Pope Building, BOSTON, MASS.

ANTRIM, N. H.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy nine years old. I was very much interested in "Donald's Good Hen." My little brother Robert likes "The Black Cat" stories best. I went to the beach last summer. I had a splendid time digging in the sand, and sailing boats in pools in the rocks. I went in bathing too, and had some fun. When I got home I sailed boats in a tub. Last year I went fishing and caught a big Black Bass. It weighed a pound and nine ounces. My uncle who went with me, took a picture of me and the fish. Now I am going to tell you of my birthday surprise; the first day of last March, when I was nine years old, I was not expecting any party (for my brother Robert was sick). I live a mile from the village. We had been at the village all winter. We were in rooms upstairs, and the people down stairs got me up a surprise party. They called me into the dining room and there were eight children there. I had a nice time.

Charlie Abbott.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo. O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN, & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MOTHERS Your Children Cured of Bed-Wetting. Sample Free Dr. F. E. May, Bloomington, Ill.

11 Different unused Ecuador listing 65cts., only 25cts. Fine sheets 60 p.c. off. **G. M. FRAME,** HAVERHILL, MASS.

Children Teething.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over **Fifty Years** by **Millions of Mothers** for their **Children while Teething,** with **Perfect Success. It Soothes** the **Child, Softens** the **Gums, Allays** all **Pain; cures Wind Colic,** and is the best remedy for **Diarrhœa.** Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

HOOPING-COUGH CROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation.

The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine, Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of **E. FOUGERA & CO., 30 NORTH WILLIAMS ST., N. Y.**

A Beautiful Watch for a Girl or Boy.

NICKLE CASE.

These cuts, reduced one-half, are from photographs direct from the watches. They are good, reliable watches, American movement, guaranteed. The publisher of LITTLE FOLKS can conscientiously recommend these watches, and having spent considerable time in the examination of many watches believes these are the best to be found for the price. Any person, boy or girl, will be proud to own one of these little gems. They are stem winding and setting, and will be furnished in solid nickle case, and will be given for six new subscribers, or for three new subscribers and $1.25. The same movement will be given in triple gold plated and beautifulty engraved case for six new subscribers and 30 cts., or for three new subscribers and $1.55. With good care this case will wear for years. The pictures give but little idea of the beauty of these watches.

GOLD CASE.

S. E. CASSINO,

Little Folks, Pope Building, Boston.

....THE....

"KITCHEN AND HAND" ...SOAP...

The Best Soap Ever Introduced
For Cleansing and Polishing
Tin, Copper, Brass,
And all Metals.

For Cleansing & Restoring
PAINT
It has no equal in the market.

For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking, and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

Beware of Imitations. For sale by all Grocers.

CHAS. F. BATES & CO.,

Proprietors and Manufacturers,

Office, 123 Oliver St., - - - Boston.

Factory, Wollaston, Mass.

Teachers Wanted.

The publisher of Little Folks would like to arrange with teachers to take subscriptions. Teachers are very successful in this work and can materially add to their income in this way. Many teachers take up the work in vacation time and Little Folks wishes to arrange in advance for the next vacation.

Much can be done at once, Write for terms and send the names of any whom you think would like to canvass for Little Folks.

S. E. CASSINO, Pope Building, Boston.

THE

BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL

MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly.

50c a Year.

10c per Copy.

The finest and most practical culinary magazine in the world. **96 Pages, Beautifully Illustrated.** Publishes the newest and choicest recipes; valuable suggestions upon domestic economics; timely articles from leading writers. A delight to old and young housekeepers. If your newsdealer does not have it, ask him to send for a copy, or address

The Boston Cooking School Magazine,

22 School St., Boston, Mass.

Every Mother

will be particularly interested in the

Kindergarten Department

of...

The Home Monthly. PITTSBURGH, PA.

This unique magazine appeals to every member of the good home.

All lovers of good, clean, reading matter and handsome illustrations endorse it.

60 cents per year.
5 cents per copy.

One copy free if you name LITTLE FOLKS.

Address: **The Home Monthly,**
PITTSBURGH, PA

For The Children BOOKS... BOOKS...

Margaret Sidney's Famous Pepper Books.

Five Little Peppers and how They Grew. 12mo, illustrated, $1.50. Special edition in boards, 25c.

"A genuine child classic."

Five Little Peppers Midway. 12mo, illustrated, $1.50.

"Every page is full of sunshine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Five Little Peppers Grown Up. 12mo, fully illustrated, cloth, $1.50.

"The tale sparkles with life and animation. The young people are bright and jolly, and enjoy their lives as everybody ought to do."—*Woman's Journal.*

Phronsie Pepper. The Last of the Five Little Peppers. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

This book has been enthusiastically welcomed by all the boys and girls of America to whom the Five Little Peppers have been dear. It is the story of Phronsie, the youngest and dearest of all the Peppers. But Polly and Joel and Ben and Jasper and Mamsie, too, are all in the story.

The Stories Polly Pepper Told. (In press).

"Among the writers of juvenile literature, Margaret Sidney has taken a place in the front rank. She is familiar alike with fun and pathos; and while her pages sparkle with merriment, they always manage to put a high premium on manly and womanly qualities."—*Congregationalist.*

Emilie Poulsson's Most Popular Book.

Nursery Finger Plays. A book for the nursery and the kindergarten. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman, Music by C. C. Roesk. 4to, cloth, $1.25.

The book was a happy thought. It was a hit. There is no other book just like it. It has sold far into the thousands. Miss Poulsson's songs and occupations for the kindergarten and nursery are at once unique and charming, and her "Nursery Finger Plays" is now a standard supplementary book in every kindergarten as well as a classic in the nursery.

A Book for all Little Folks Who Love Nature.

Buz-Buz and His Twelve Adventures. By CHARLES STUART PRATT, editor of *Little Folks*. One vol., 12mo, illustrated by L. J. Bridgman, 75 cents.

This is the restless story of and by a house-fly. A capital story for the little ones. This book has been approved and recommended by the reading committee of the National Congress of Mothers.

The Children's Lives of Great Men.

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

Six 4to volumes of from 200 to 250 pages each, profusely illustrated and attractively bound in cloth, each $1.50.

"A series which contains the lives of Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Franklin, and worthy of hearty commendation. Every grown-up person who has read one of them will wish to buy the whole series for the young folks at home."—*The Christian Advocate.*

This series contains:

The True Story of Christopher Columbus, called the Admiral. Revised edition. New cover. $1.50

"With its thorough historical research and its novelty of treatment it is *the* Columbus book of its time."—*The Interior*, Chicago.

The True Story of George Washington, called the Father of his Country. 4to, cloth, $1.50

"Although many excellent biographies of our first President have been prepared for the young we think that Mr. Brooks has presented the best, and has sustained well if not added to his reputation gained by his previous efforts in historical fields for young readers."—*S. S. Library Bulletin.*

The True Story of Abraham Lincoln, the American. Fully illustrated, 4to, cloth, $1.50

"His life reads like a romance, the best romance that ever was printed, and Mr. Brooks has done an admirable work. The story of Lincoln was never more ably told."—*Evening Post*, Chicago.

The True Story of U. S. Grant, the American soldier. Fully illustrated, 4to, cloth, $1.50

"Carefully written in that style which makes Mr. Brooks so popular a writer with his young readers."—*The Pilgrim Teacher.*

The True Story of Benjamin Franklin, the American statesman. Profusely illustrated, 4to, cloth, $1.50

"This author leads all others in the favor of children who visit public libraries."—*Boston Transcript.* "We doubt whether a better biography for the reading of boys has ever been written."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

The True Story of Lafayette, the friend of America. (In press.)

For Sale by all Booksellers. Send for Latest Catalogue.

☞These books will be sent to parents for inspection and selection if desired. Send for particulars.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

A Remarkable Premium.

For one new subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS, sent by a present subscriber before May 15th, the publishers will send any three volumes desired from the following list of books. These books are all by well known authors, are nicely printed on good paper, well illustrated with half tone cuts and a portrait of the author.

All are nicely bound in cloth with gold with colored designs on side and back. The accompanying cut gives a very inadequate idea of the beauty of these books. This is an excellent opportunity to secure many of the standard works by English and American Authors. No charge is made for packing, but 18 cents must be sent for postage on each three volumes.

1. Abbe Constantin,..... *Ludovic Halevy.*
2. Adventures of a Brownie,...*Miss Mulock.*
3. Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
4. Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, *Holmes.*
5. Bab Ballads and Savoy Songs,....*Gilbert.*
6. Bacon's Essays.
7. Balzac's Shorter Stories.
8. Beecher's Addresses to Young Men.
9. Black Beauty,.....*Anna Sewell.*
10. Blithedale Romance, The,....*Hawthorne.*
11. Brooks' Addresses.
12. Bryant's Early Poems.
13. Camille.....*Alexandre Dumas, Jr.*
14. Carmen..... ...*Prosper Merimee.*
15. Changed Cross, The, and Other Religious Poems.
17. Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences and Maxims.
18. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,.....*Byron.*
19. Christian Life, The,..... .*Oxenden.*
20. Coming to Christ,.....*Havergal.*
21. Confessions of an Opium Eater*De Quincey.*
22. Cranford,.....*Mrs. Gaskill.*
23. Crown of Wild Olive, The, *John Ruskin.*
24. Daily Food for Christians.
25. Discourses, Epictetus.
26. Dream Life,.....*Ik. Marvel.*
27. Drummond's Addresses.
28. Emerson's Essays—1st Series.
29. Emerson's Essays—2d Series.
30. Ethics of the Dust,..... *John Ruskin.*
31. Essays of Elia,.....*Charles Lamb.*
32. Evangeline, ...*Longfellow.*
33. Evening Thoughts,.....*Havergal.*
34. Fanchon,.....*George Sand.*
35. Gold Dust.
36. Greek Heroes,..... .. *Charles Kingsley.*
37. Heroes and Hero Worship,.....*Carlyle.*
38. Holmes' Poems.
39. Hiawatha, the Song of, *H. W. Longfellow.*
40. House of the Seven Gables, *Hawthorne.*
41. House of the Wolf, The, *Stanley Weyman.*
42. Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, The, *Jerome K. Jerome.*
43. Idylls of the King,..... .....*Tennyson.*
44. The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, *W. E. Gladstone*
45. Imitation of Christ, of The, *A Kempis.*
46. In Memoriam,.....*Tennyson*
47. Jessica's First Prayer and Jessica's Mother.....*Hesba Stretton*
48. John Ploughman's Talk,.....*Spurgeon*
49. John Ploughman's Pictures,.....*Spurgeon*
50. Kept for the Master's Use,.....*Havergal*
51. Kidnapped,.....*Robert L. Stevenson*
52. Kipling's Ballads.
53. Laddie and Miss Toosey's Mission.
54. Lays of Ancient Rome, The, *Macaulay.*
55. Lady of the Lake,..... *Scott.*
56. Lalla Rookh,.....*Thomas Moore.*
57. Last Essays of Elia,.....*Lamb.*
58. Light of Asia, The,.....*Arnold.*
59. Line Upon Line.
60. Longfellow's Poems—Vol. I.
61. Longfellow's Poems—Vol. II.
62. Lowell's Poems.
63. Lucile,.....*Owen Meredith.*
64. Manliness of Christ, The, *Thomas Hughes.*
66. Marmion,.....*Scott.*
67. Message of Peace, The,....*R. W. Church.*
68. Mulvaney Stories,.....*Kipling.*
69. Morning Thoughts,..... .....*Havergal.*
70. My Point of View,.....*Henry Drummond.*
71. Phantom Rickshaw,.....*Kipling.*
72. Plain Tales from the Hills,.....*Kipling.*
73. Pleasures of Life,.....*Lubbock.*
74. Princess and Maud,.....*Tennyson.*
75. Poe's Poems.
76. Pathway of Safety.....*Ashton Oxenden.*
77. Pathway of Promise.
78. Peep of Day.
79. Precept Upon Precept.
80. Queen of the Air,.....*John Ruskin.*
81. Rab and His Friends,.....*John Brown.*
82. Representative Men,.....*Emerson.*
83. Reveries of a Bachelor,.....*Ik. Marvel.*
84. Romance of a Poor Young Man, *Feuillet.*
85. Sartor Resartus,.....*Thomas Carlyle.*
86. Scarlet Letter, The, *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
87. Sesame and Lilies, ...*John Ruskin.*
88. Sentimental Journey, A, *Laurence Sterne.*
89. Steps into the Blessed Life,.....*Meyer.*
90. Tales from Shakespeare, *Charles and Mary Lamb.*
91. Tanglewood Tales, *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
92. The Throne of Grace.
93. Ten Nights in a Bar Room, *T. S. Arthur.*
94. Thoughts, Marcus Aurelius.
95. Tom Brown's School Days,.....*Hughes.*
96. Two Years Before the Mast,*R. H. Dana, Jr.*
97. Treasure Island,.....*Stevenson.*
98. Undine,.....*de la Motte Fouque.*
99. Vicar of Wakefield, The, *Oliver Goldsmith.*
100. Weird Tales,.....*Edgar Allen Poe.*
101. Whittier's Poems—Vol. I.
102. Whittier's Poems—Vol. II.
103. Window in Thrums, A.....*J. M. Barrie.*
104. Wonder Book, A,.....*Hawthorne.*

PREMIUMS FOR MOTHERS.

The premiums figured on this page are well made and much heavier plated than goods usually given as premiums. To purchase them they would cost about as much as the subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS required to have them free. They will be securely packed and sent by express (not prepaid.)

The four piece silver plated tea set will be given for nine new subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS at $1.00 each.

The silver plated Cake Dish will be given for three new subscribers at $1.00 each.

The silver plated Syrup Dish will be given for three new subscribers at $1.00 each.

The silver plated Pickle Dish will be given for two new subscribers at $1.00 each.

The entire set of seven pieces will be given for fifteen new subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS, but they must all be shipped at one time. Subscriptions may be sent as taken and credited.

S. E. CASSINO, Pope Building, Boston.

VICTOR COFFEE

ABSOLUTELY PURE—DELICIOUS FLAVOR.
PRICE WITHIN REACH OF ALL.

Sold Only in One-Pound Air-Tight Tins. Best Grocers Have It.

SHAPLEIGH COFFEE CO., 19 INDIA STREET, BOSTON.

CONTAINS NO SUGAR, NO GLUCOSE, NO MALT.
HIGHEST AWARDS WHEREVER EXHIBITED
FOR THE BABY · THE INVALID · THE CONVALESCENT · THE AGED.

PURE. POSITIVELY SAFE.
THE BEST FOOD

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE CHEAPEST TO BUY
BECAUSE
THE MOST ECONOMICAL TO USE

SUCCESSFUL
WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL.

× SOLD EVERYWHERE ×

Shipping Depot JOHN CARLE & SONS 153 Water St. New York.

IMPERIAL GRANUM PREPARED FOOD FOR INVALIDS AND CHILDREN

HENRY F. MILLER

Pianofortes

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. BOSTON, MASS.